

Corean Farmers.

Coreans cultivate their fields largely with spades. One of these implements has a handle about eight feet long. The wooden bowl is tipped with iron and has two straw ropes fastened to it. The man manipulating the handle pushes the spade into the ground. Then those holding the ropes throw an insignificantly small amount of earth a distance of about two feet. In the Corean fields one may often see nine men thus employed on one spade.

Notable Discovery in India.

A prehistoric town near Adichanallur, India, proves to have been of large size, and promises to yield an extraordinary variety of interesting objects. More than 100 acres have been reserved for explorations, while the remains are found considerably beyond that area. About 1,800 curious objects of bronze, iron and pottery have been unearthed already, together with seven oval-shaped ornaments of pure gold.

An Opinion.

"So you think," said the good-natured monarch, "that it is absolutely necessary to humbug the people with ostentatious display and false promises."

"I do," answered the cold-blooded adviser; "if there is anything that men seem to resent it is taxation without misrepresentation."—Washington Star.

Weight of Dumb-Bells.

A dumb-bell for a child should not weigh more than two and one-fourth pounds; for the use of girls and women it may weigh about three pounds. Only an uncommonly strong person would use a dumb-bell of six pounds weight. Men and boys use those of four and one-half to five and one-half pounds.

Prunes and Apricots.

Prunes improve in flavor if cooked with one-fourth as many apricots. Wash them in several waters and allow them to soak over night in cold water. In the morning place them on the back of the stove, add the sugar and allow them to simmer gently, never boil, until tender.

Handicapped.

The difficulties encountered by British coal miners in being obliged to operate 3,000 or 4,000 feet below the surface, and the enhanced cost attending deep-level mining, will enable the coal exporters of the United States to supplant the British product in foreign markets.

Sensible Girl.

Ernie—No, she isn't going to marry Claude, after all.

Ida—But they say he can quote Emerson and Browning.

"Yes; but the other young man can quote Sugar and Steel."—Chicago Daily News.

Counteracting Influence.

We are apt to suffer the mean things of life to overweigh the finer nature within us, therefore it is expedient that at least once a day we read a little poetry or sing a song or look at a picture.—Goethe.

Opium Facts.

The importation of opium that is prepared for smoking is double that used by physicians and morphine habitues. The amount is more than half a million pounds and the value \$3,500,000.

Case of Seven-Eleven.

"In about seven cases out of 11," said Uncle Eben, "when a man comes around axin' yoh foh advice, he's gwine to give you a chance to offer to lend him money."—Washington Star.

To Take Out Oil Spots.

When dressmaking, sometimes one gets a spot of machine oil on the article that is being made. Rub with a little turpentine and the stain will disappear.

The Portrait and the Man.

Have you not seen more-than-life size portraits of persons who were scarcely entitled to miniatures?—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Malay State Railways.

There are 340 miles of state railways in the Malay states, and last year's earnings were 5.88 per cent. on the capital expenditure.

Electricity.

Electricity is fast ousting hydraulic power in the equipment of continental Europe, and slowly superseding it in Great Britain.

Silence.

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther.

Shows Where the Poor Live.

The child mortality is three times as large in east London as in west, being 350 per thousand.

From Berlin to Naples.

Express trains now run from Berlin to Naples in 37½ hours.

English Paupers.

There are 26 paupers in England to every 1,000 inhabitants.

Grumbling.

Grumbling is the child of greed.—Chicago Tribune.

Blind People.

Blind men outnumber blind women by two to one.

Peanuts from Senegal.

Senegal exported 121,507 tons of peanuts last year.

Greedy.

Greedy masters make greedy men.—Ram's Horn.

Health and Wealth.

Health brings wealth mostly by swap.—Puck.

THE MEAN MAN LOST.

Fate or Something Else Came to the Aid of the Pink-Haired Stenographer.

The Broadway car was approaching Thirteenth street, relates the New York Sun.

The fat man leaned forward with a gasp and touched one of the meekly standing women with his folded newspaper. Then he rose with a mighty sigh and moved toward the door, while his grateful beneficiary dropped into the vacated seat.

A pink haired stenographer, not ravishingly pretty, who clung to a strap immediately in front, viewed the incident with surprise, and afterward assumed a contemptuous smile. Then the car lurched into Dead Man's Curve and she swung out on the strap like "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." Her lips moved busily for a lasting arch of scorn.

The mean man, seated opposite, was interested. Over the top of his paper he observed these facial changes of the pink haired stenographer, and he noted their cause with fabled pleasure.

The passenger beside him was folding his paper and buttoning his coat. As the passenger rose the mean man touched the arm of a woman standing next the pink haired stenographer and drew her attention to the vacant seat.

The pink haired stenographer looked over her shoulder with a glance of amazement and hatred. Then she saw the mean man's expression, and understood that he had acted with malice aforethought. She turned her back squarely, crimson to the tips of her ears.

The mean man exulted inwardly. Watching the seated passengers narrowly, he was enabled to repeat this performance twice more, each time landing another tired woman in a seat, and leaving the pink haired stenographer still clinging to the strap. In the opposite window he could see her face reflected; and her lips were set in a dangerous line.

The supply of standing passengers was depleting. The mean man began to look worried. Then came the influx from the cross-town line at Thirty-fourth street, and business seemed to be picking up.

The new arrivals were crowding up the aisle, when suddenly the pink haired stenographer abandoned her strap with a curious gleam in her eye. Wedging herself sinuously into the advancing mass, she brought it to a struggling pause just in front of where the mean man sat.

There was a wild swaying and shuffling in which the pink haired stenographer's gray jacket mingled vaguely. Then the car started amid a confusion of outstretched arms, and the mean man's hat was knocked from his head far into the aisle.

He sprang forward to save it from certain destruction, and was back in a second—and he found the pink haired stenographer comfortably settled in his seat. But the scornful arch had vanished from her lips, likewise the dangerous line; and her eyes looked beyond the mean man in a gaze of dreamy contentment.

Then the mean man hooked himself into a strap and tried to look calmly reflective as he computed the running time to Eighty-third street.

EXERCISE IN HOUSEWORK.

Something of Physical Culture in Almost Everything That Is Done.

Since almost all of the regular house work is of such a sort as to require forward motion of the arms, the thing to guard against is contraction of the chest. Sweeping and dusting become good exercise when proper attention is given to the position of the body. The sweeping not only starts the circulation and increases the respiration, but it also gives some good arm and waist exercise, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bed making is fine exercise when the windows are open to admit plenty of fresh air. A great deal of bending is necessary, but this alternates with straightening of the body. No one position is held for any length of time, side motions of the trunk and arms being necessary. This is free play for the chest, the lungs are filled with fresh air, and the general circulation is quickened in this brisk work.

But, as in every other detail of house work, the clothing should be such as to give no pressure or undue weight. But the most lowly and despised detail of house work, is, after all, the one that is the most valuable from the standpoint of hygiene.

The scrubbing and wiping up of floors are two movements in which the weight is taken entirely from the feet. In the position on the hands and knees gravity acts to the best advantage, and the shoulder movement is comparatively free. In fact, this exercise is recommended as the best possible to reduce undue stoutness.

To Break Glass.

Don't take a hammer or throw it upon the ground, that is to say, if it needs to be broken in any required form. Preferably make a small notch by means of a file on the edge of the piece of glass. Then heat a thin rod of iron red hot, apply it to the notch in the glass in any desired direction or shape. A neat crack will mark the course of the hot iron and there the glass can be safely severed.

Home-Made Cider.

The making of cider in small quantities is rather a difficult matter. The apples should be allowed to mellow under cover for about two weeks, then they should be crushed and allowed to stand until somewhat cleared. Pour off and strain well, and allow to stand in a large cask and allow to stand for winter use. Cider should be kept in a cool place.

A Fifty-Dollar Cheque

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

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TRENT, rushing up to the Downleys' as soon as he had left his train, after his own impetuous fashion, found that his visit seemed to be in some way inopportune. The peculiar thing about it was that it should have been the most opportune imaginable, for the postman had just passed, and Geraldine had received a \$50 cheque for a story—the largest cheque in all her young experience—and it was a good time for congratulations. After the congratulations, of course, Trent would find time to say what he had hurried home to say; it having been borne in upon him mind during this two weeks' absence that he could not endure life longer without this slim, brown-eyed girl whom he was in the habit of calling Jerry.

"Fifty dollars!" murmured Miss Downley, blissfully, holding the cheque near her eyes and then at arms' length, and viewing it from either point with added joy. "Fifty dollars! Do hush, Fred! Fifty dollars!"

"I mentioned that I was delighted, I think," remarked Fred, jealously. "I have been away two weeks. I expect to be noticed a little, myself."

"I can notice you any time—but one doesn't get \$50 cheques every day," said Miss Downley. "Will you hush, Fred? I want to think."

"I will not hush," said Trent, savagely. "I have come here to say something, and I am going to say it. Put that silly thing away, Jerry!"

Jerry looked at the pink slip and pressed it to her lips.

"He calls you a silly thing!" she remarked to the cheque, in apostrophe. "He has evidently been raised in the lap of luxury. Really, Fred, this cheque—\$50!—did you notice the enormous amount of it? Has thrown me into such confusion that I haven't been able to get two thoughts together since it came. I wish to think of money for awhile, Fred—money with a big M. Don't disturb me!"

"Jerry—will you be sensible a minute?" asked the sorely tried Fred. "I want to tell you how much I love you."

"Do you think I could be weaned away from a career that brought in cheques for \$50 as plentiful as blackberries?" asked Jerry, turning shining brown eyes upon him. "I'll tell you what you may do for me, Fred. I'll endorse this, and you go to the bank and get it cashed for me—and bring it to me in silver dollars, please—the largest silver dollars they have."

Trent arose. There was no such thing as talking of love to a girl who persisted in talking money.

"Do you expect me to do anything so foolish as that?" he asked, with irritation, while she was scribbling her name on the back of the pink slip of paper.



"FIFTY DOLLARS! HOW BIG IT LOOKS!"

The tiny parlor of the tiny cottage seemed running over with her delight. She was like a child with a new toy—a child who has never had a toy.

"I want it in silver dollars," she insisted, gaily, holding out the cheque. "I want to lay them all on the table, and pile them up in little piles, and let them roll through my fingers, and listen to the clink of them—for just a little while. Do go on now, Fred, and don't stay long—and you may think I am laughing, but I am just as near crying as I can be—and if you don't hurry back I'll cry outright, and then I'll always be sorry, for I'm a fright when I cry."

"I never would have dreamed that you could be so mercenary, Geraldine," said Trent, stiffly, as he put on his hat.

"I'm a miser!" she cried after him. "Nobody ever loved money as I love it! Hurry, Fred, an' thou lovest me!"

Trent was gone such a very little while that she might have been surprised to see him back, but she was watching for him impatiently, and ran out at the door and caught his arm and led him into the little parlor again. Her face was flushed and her eyes shone.

"Put it on the table!" she cried. "I am going to count it, you perceive, to see if it is all there—yes—that's all right. Fifty dollars! How big it looks! Now if you will go away, Fred!"

"Thanks! Having used me, you are sending me away," he said, resentfully.

"That's it, Fred," she said, her eyes brimming with delighted laughter. "I want you to go away and not come back for two whole days—but do come, then, Freddy, won't you?"

"I seem to be worth so little, in comparison with a little money," remarked Fred, mortally angry; "it doesn't encourage me to come back. I suppose you are going to the stores, now, straight as you can fly."

Trent was very moody. Jerry, whom he had known for so many years, was a new person with her money.

He was going to get over this for

half an hour," said Jerry, not taking her eyes from her treasure; "and then—you're right—I'm going out to spend it. But come back in two days, Fred!"

"I may come—if I am in the city," said Trent with dignity; and went away, nursing his wrath and disappointment. He was half resolved that he would not go—that he would never go again; but on the evening of the second day he was waiting in the little parlor for her to come in. She came, a little whiter than he had ever seen her—or was it a little rosier?—he could not be sure which—but certainly a new Jerry, with a demure look down at the tip of a pretty shoe that was thrust toward the fender. A hasty glance assured him that she had not been indulging in any extravagances of dress. He was familiar with the blue serge.

"You are in the city, I see," she said. He felt uncomfortable.

"Well?" he questioned, angry with her for being what she was, and with himself for loving her.

"I am in my right mind again," she said, with a fleeting glance at his lowering face. "Do ask me what I have done with my \$50!"

"I haven't the least interest in knowing," he remarked, loftily.

"I wish you had asked me," she said, smiling down at the shoe tips, "because I am so anxious to tell you; but as you won't I will tell you 'anyway,' as the children say. First"—she drew a folded slip of paper from beneath a book and consulted it with minuteness—"I paid a little debt to a grocery man—he is not a nice grocery man—the debt was not a very large one, but he has written me nasty notes about it."

"Who is he?" asked Trent. His face had reddened darkly.

"This is a strictly impersonal narrative—there are no names in it," she replied. "Then I sought out a milkman who has stood on our steps two or three mornings out of every week and has said things about people who got milk and then didn't pay for it; and has wondered audibly if they considered themselves ladies, for he didn't—and if his language was obscure, his meaning wasn't. Sit still, Fred—he was right—and it is paid now—and my heart is so light! Then I paid a balance that was left of father's funeral expenses—the undertaker is not an unkind man—but he stopped mamma in the street one day—and oh, that had to be paid if everything else went—"

"You poor little girl!" murmured the man opposite her. He had moved his chair a little nearer.

"Then I paid last month's rent and this month's," she said; "and the landlord tried to look as though he had not notified me that if the rent wasn't paid by the fifteenth there would be consequences."

"Jerry! Listen, Jerry!" cried Trent, reaching out his hand in an agony of sympathy and love; but she moved a little further off—until the table was between them.

"Then I bought myself a pair of shoes with what was left," she said, glancing down at the toe of the neat little shoe again. "I needed ribbons and waists and a walking skirt and an umbrella, and gloves—a lady is known by her gloves, Fred, and mine are impossible—but I had to decide in favor of shoes. Mine were in rags. That's why I asked you to stay away for two whole days—I knew it would take that long for me to fight it out—but those old shoes were so dreadful!"

"Were they? I never noticed it," said Trent, stupidly, following her eyes with a note of admiration.

"That's because I have kept my feet wound around the legs of my chair, or have covered them up with long skirts—I made the skirts longer on purpose," she said, cheerfully. "And now the money's all gone, Fred—every cent of it—and I have shown you our family skeleton, which you have never guessed at before. I really ought to have had more, for another month's rent will be due in no time—"

"What's the use of throwing money away?" he demanded, with a happy little laugh, deftly moving the table out of the way and seizing her hands before she could escape. "You are not going to occupy this house after next Wednesday. You and your mother have found a—a better location."

"I thought I wouldn't need the house much longer, Fred," she said, her face drooping; "but if the cheque hadn't come—it couldn't have been thought of. Oh, Fred, it has been such a struggle—and the milkman—and the grocery man—but the \$50 came, and saved my life—and the shoes are nice, aren't they, Fred?"

COAL PRODUCTION.

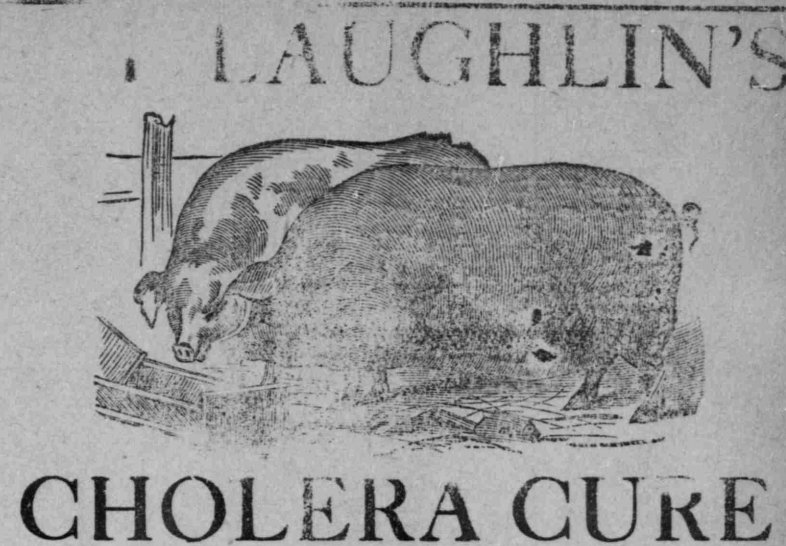
English Writer Compares His Country with Ours and Finds America Has the Advantage.

Already, writes Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney, P. C., in Guntton's Magazine, we have lost the superiority which has given us our position. If we compare the figures of the production of coal in the United Kingdom and in the United States we find that the quantity turned out across the Atlantic has crept up to and passed by the quantity produced here.

What is more, the average price at the pit mouth in the United States has fallen below the average price here. Still more, the excitement of business during the last two or three years told upon the price of coal with us at home more than it told upon the price of coal in the United States. Whence it may be inferred that the marginal cost of production has not only fallen below the marginal cost here, but that the reserves of extensible production in the United States show a greater elasticity than our reserves.

Needs Vaccination.

Santo Domingo has been inoculated with another revolution, and, says the Chicago Daily News, there is every indication that it is going to take.



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